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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

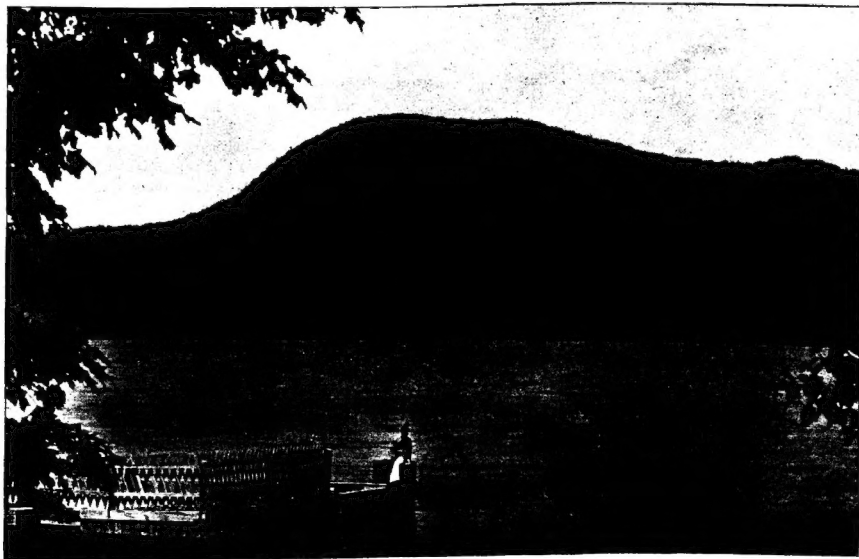
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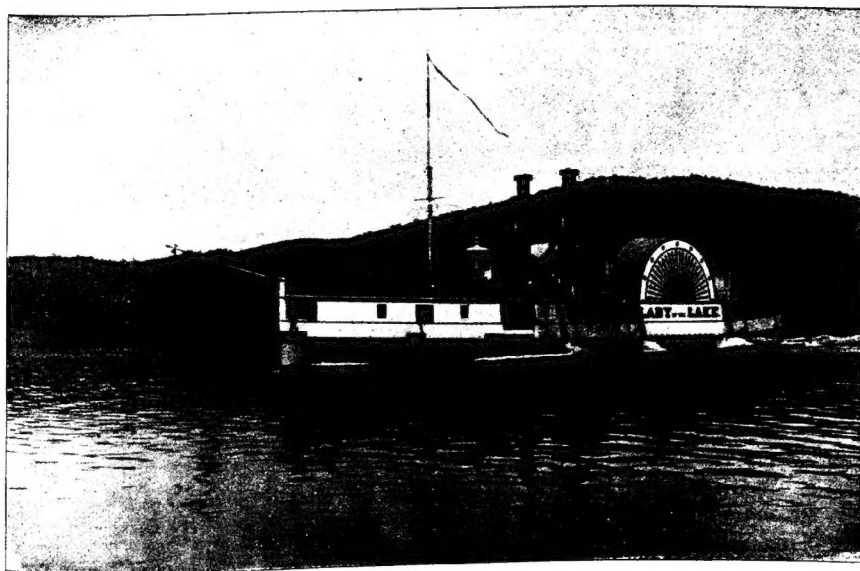
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\*MOUNT ELEPHANTIS, FROM BELMERE, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.



THE STEAMER ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

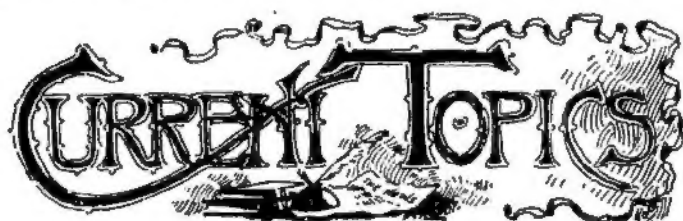
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# The Dominion Illustrated.

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Some of our readers will be able to recall the attempts which began to be made some fifteen years ago to work, with profit both to the capitalist and the public, the extensive peat fields of the Dominion. Long before that date, indeed, the Geological Survey had made known the existence, in large quantities, of this source of fuel. It was not, however, till about the time indicated that any serious effort was made towards its development. Specimens of peat, prepared according to both Hodge's process and Griffin's patent, formed part of the collection of economic minerals exhibited by the Survey at Philadelphia in 1876. There were then several companies and firms engaged in this industry, of which the most important were the Canada Peat Fuel Company and the Huntingdon Peat Company. The bogs of the former are situated at St. Hubert, Chambly County, a few miles from Montreal, and at Ste. Brigide, about ten miles from St. John's, on the Richelieu river. In the year preceding the Centennial Exhibition the company had three Hodge's machines at work,—two at St. Hubert and one at Ste. Brigide—the combined product of which was 13,000 tons of prepared peat. This was sold chiefly to the Grand Trunk Railway Company for use in their locomotives, a comparatively small quantity being disposed of in this city for domestic purposes. The peat sold for \$3.50 on the ground and for \$4 to \$4.25 delivered in Montreal. The Huntingdon Company also made some excellent peat by Griffin's process.

In the year 1878 the Select Standing Committee on Immigration and Colonization collected and published some interesting data on the manufacture of peat in Canada. In his examination Lieut.-Col. Joshua Thompson, who had been personally concerned in the development of the industry, testified that there were peat bogs that could be utilized in all the provinces. The chief of them, he said, was at Cumberland and Gloucester, in Carleton County; Beckwith and Westmeath, Evansville, L'Assomption and St. Sulpice, Grande Savane, Champlain, Longueuil and St. Dominique; Sherington and Hemmingford; Rivière Ouelle; Rivière du Loup; Cranberry Marsh, near the Welland Canal; the neighbourhood of Caledonia Springs, in Prescott County; localities near Toronto, Belleville and Brockville, and in the Island of Anticosti. Some of these were of great extent, the Grande Savane being about fifteen, and the peat area of Longueuil and St. Dominique about twenty square miles. In reply to Mr. Smith, of Selkirk, Col. Thompson stated that a ton of peat was equal to one cord and a quarter of maple, to

two cords of poplar, or to a ton of bituminous coal. Though some of the bogs were advantageously worked, the industry gradually declined. During the last few years efforts have been made to revive it, and sooner or later those rich supplies of fuel are likely to be turned to account.

The world is full of saddening contrasts, and if the development of human sympathy had kept pace with that of the telegraph, there would be little enjoyment in life. For no day comes without its burden of woe from all points of the compass. While we have been having truly halcyon weather, our neighbours a few hundred miles to the south of us have been exposed to the fury of the merciless "elements." The great storm of last week will long be shudderingly recalled by thousands of dwellers on the Atlantic Coast, who will associate it in their memory with consternation, with homes left desolate, with the loss of relations and friends. The property destroyed by the tempest amounts to millions. As for the loss of life, though it is as yet unknown, it must be very great. In several instances, the life-saving crews were powerless to render assistance to the victims of the storm's fury, who were perishing before their eyes. Some of the scenes witnessed were heartrending. Every day brings intelligence of wrecks, and the beaches are strewn with dead bodies and the débris of broken vessels. For persistent destructiveness no such cyclone has visited the Atlantic Coast within the memory of the living.

The evidence before the United States Committee on Relations with Canada included some strange admissions. Mr. B. F. Dutts, of Boston, speaking in favour of reciprocity, said that 99 per cent. of the fish brought to United States ports by American vessels was stolen from within the three mile limit. Mr. S. P. Hibbard said that Canadian roads gave Boston better service than those of the United States. Mr. Hardy, speaking for the Boston Produce Exchange, said that its members were opened to political union with Canada, nor did they favour commercial union on the lines of the recent agitation. Mr. Alden Speare agreed with Mr. Hardy in so far as to consider both schemes at present impracticable. The two last mentioned speakers, as well as Mr. Morse, advocated a revival of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 and an adjustment of the fisheries question. Mr. S. P. Hibbard was strongly in favour of annexation, and he believed that the extension of commercial privileges would soon incline Canadians to adopt his views. The tone and language of all the speakers implied a conviction of Canada's growing importance and destined prosperity. They are also agreed on another point—that the United States should have a large share in whatever prizes fortune may have in store for us.

The London strike has had a more satisfactory ending than appearances seemed at one time to promise. The dock labourers have gained the extra penny an hour which they originally demanded, but the change will not take place till the 4th of November, when the season will be pretty far advanced. As usual, therefore, the settlement arrived at is a compromise. The new arrangement will, it is assumed, last for a considerable time. It would certainly be deplorable if a triumph (for as such they doubtless regard it)—a triumph for which they are largely indebted to the kindly intervention, patience and tact of Cardinal Manning—were to suggest to any of the strikers that they might, with like success, renew their demands for

increased wages in a comparatively near future. It is to the credit both of the labourers and their leaders that the weeks of expectant idleness passed with so little disturbance, and now that they have gained their point, it is to be hoped that they will not alienate the sympathies of the community by any demeanour that would revive or create hard feelings between them and their employers. Moreover, should any difficulty arise in the future, there is no reason why the same friendly negotiations which brought the late strike to a close should not, in the first instance, be employed for its removal.

According to the *Vancouver World*, the present season has been exceptionally successful for the salmon canneries of the Fraser river. Every establishment was strained to its utmost capacity in taking advantage of the abundance of fish, while keeping within the regulations as to outfit. The men employed were constantly busy, and the boats came in laden with silvery spoil. The tins and cases prepared in advance proved unequal to the demand, and a fresh supply had to be made in the midst of operations. July and August were the most fruitful months. The pack on the Fraser alone is said to have exceeded that of the whole province in any previous year. Sixteen canneries put up a total of 275,680 cases of 48 tins each, one firm having put up 29,800 cases. It is estimated that the total result will reach to about 455,000 cases of an aggregate value of \$2,600,000. If barrelled salmon be added, it is not unlikely that the entire proceeds to the canneries will attain the figure of \$3,000,000. About 5,000 are engaged in the Fraser salmon fisheries at daily wages averaging \$2 a head—giving a total of \$10,000, which will be spent in New Westminster, Ladner's Island and the vicinity.

The Senate's condemnation has not silenced General Boulanger. In defiance of the authorities, his candidacy in the coming elections has been announced by placards posted up in Montmartre, under the nose of the Prefect of the Seine, who declined to receive his declaration. In his appeal to the electors, he says that he seeks their suffrages, not in the character that calumny has attributed to him, but as the representative of the national yearning to be rid of the debt and humiliation and iniquity which the present régime has brought upon his country and theirs. It remains to be seen whether the people of Montmartre will throw away their votes, at the promptings of sentiment or principle, on a proscribed man who cannot avail himself of their good will. It is, of course, the moral victory that the General desires, for if Montmartre gives him a majority, he can claim that he still possesses the confidence of his supporters, and that, even in exile, he is stronger than his foes in power.

In addressing the Finance Committee of the City of Hamilton, on the 13th inst., Mr. Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, after pointing out that the directors of the company proposed to construct a line from Cookville to Hamilton immediately—and possibly from Toronto to Hamilton—explained that the construction of the South Ontario Pacific Railway, from Woodstock to the Niagara frontier, was held in abeyance because of the attitude of the Congress of the United States towards Canadian railways, and the certainty that an attempt would be made to restrict the working of the latter. The Canadian Pacific, Mr. Van Horne continued, would not undertake the expenditure of four or possibly five million



dollars for the construction of a road through the Niagara peninsula until the policy of the United States Government was understood. The authorities and people of Hamilton were, it is said, well satisfied with the arrangements that Mr. Van Horne made known to them.

It is surely permissible to assume that the unusually successful Exhibition at Sherbrooke denotes a general improvement in farming methods in the Eastern Townships. Some years ago when he gave evidence before the Select Committee on Agriculture, Mr. G. Larocque, of Beaumont, Bellechasse County, mentioned some of the chief defects that retarded the progress of the Quebec farmer. The land, he said, was too little worked over, the ploughing too superficial, hasty and sometimes unseasonable. The harrowing left much to be desired, and wooden harrows were still occasionally used. Ditches and trenches were neglected and noxious weeds ran havoc in the fields. The stables were not sufficiently spacious, nor were they well lighted, and the ventilation was faulty, though, on the whole, animals were better treated than in the past. Now, when Professor Fream visited the Townships, he was pleased with much that he considered progressive. He was gratified to find such thriving centres as Sherbrooke, Richmond, Compton and other places. The climate he thought well adapted for mixed agriculture—the raising of fruits and vegetables, as well as cereals. But, in his opinion, grazing and stock-raising were the most noteworthy features. "The rich grasses and clear streams help to make it a good dairying country, and some of the best butter produced in the Dominion is made here, while the cheese is of excellent quality. He was glad to see butter and cheese factories so steadily increasing. He found it an admirable district for raising stock, and was charmed with some of the Hon. M. H. Cochrane's pure bred herds." This testimony from an expert like Professor Fream cannot but be gratifying to those who have the welfare of the Townships at heart—testimony confirmed by the recent Sherbrooke Fair, which was a credit to that city, to the important district of which it is the metropolis, and to the whole Province of Quebec.

### THE AMERICAN SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Reference has already been made in our columns to the thirty-eighth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which was held in Toronto from the 28th of August to the 3rd of September. This is the third occasion on which that learned body, which comprises many Canadians, has met on this side of the border—previous meetings having been held in Montreal in 1857 and 1882. The late meeting was not marked by the presence of so many pre-eminently distinguished men of science as were present at Montreal in 1882. Nevertheless, there were many in attendance whose names are well known in the realm of science and who are doing good work in adding to the sum total of human knowledge. Among the distinguished men who were present may be mentioned Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, chief of the coast and geodetic surveys of the United States; Prof. Goodale, assistant to Prof. Asa Gray and his successor as professor of botany at Harvard; Prof. White, the well known paleontologist of Washington; General Garrick Mallory of the United States bureau of ethnology; Prof. Fernow, chief of the forestry

bureau of the United States; Ed. Atkinson, of Boston, an authority on scientific cookery; Dr. Atwater, chemist, of the same city; Captain H. C. Taylor, vice-president of the Nicaragua Canal Co.; Jas. Hall, of Albany, the well known geologist; Prof. Dana, Prof. Selwyn, director of the Canadian Geological Survey; Sir William Dawson, Sir Daniel Wilson and many others.

The meeting was a most successful one, thanks to the efforts put forth by the local committee, which embraced most of the leading citizens. In point of attendance it was one of the most successful ever held. The number of members and associates who registered was 424, of whom 45 were from Toronto, 29 from other parts of Canada, and 350 from the United States. The number of new members added was 201, and 72 Fellows were elected. Two hundred and twenty-seven papers were submitted, of which 199 were read. This means a great deal accomplished, but as the association is divided into sections, the work in the different departments is going on simultaneously. The sections are as follows: A, mathematics and astronomy; B, physics; C, chemistry; D, mechanical science and engineering; E, geology and geography; F, biology; G, anthropology; H, economic science and statistics. Each of these is presided over by a vice-president and has its own secretary. Botanical and entomological clubs were also formed and made several excursions in search of specimens. A general session was held each morning, after which the sections met and heard such papers and took part in such discussions as were laid down on the daily programme. Two public lectures were delivered in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, one by Professor G. H. Gilbert, on the geological history of Niagara Falls; the other by H. Carrington Bolton, of New York, being an account of four weeks spent in the desert of Sinai. The former was of special interest, from the fact that a number of the members, with their friends, were to visit the famous cataract the next day. Mr. Bolton had previously dealt with the scientific aspect of the desert of Sinai in a paper read before one of the sections, and his lecture was simply a running comment on a number of well executed photographs projected on a screen, the views having been taken by himself during his tour. On another evening a promenade concert was given in the pavilion, and garden parties and afternoon teas were innumerable. Two excursions were arranged for Saturday, one to Niagara Falls, the other to Muskoka lakes, where Sunday was spent. Each was attended by a goodly number. The city bore the expense. Several other trips were arranged for after the meeting closed, that of greatest interest being to the Sudbury copper region. A number availed themselves of the opportunity to visit this interesting geological district. The afternoon of the last day was marked by a large garden party in the grounds of the Government House, given by the mayor and corporation, and the closing session was held in the evening in the spacious hall of the Y.M.C.A., when the gratitude of the members to the people of Toronto was expressed in a comprehensive vote of thanks, backed by speeches from some of the more prominent members.

Nor must the mead of praise be withheld from the ladies of Toronto. While the sterner sex were discussing abstruse problems in the province of science, the members of the Ladies' Committee were looking after the wives and daughters of the members and showing them the sights of the city. That these attentions were appreciated was shown

by the fact that a resolution of thanks, signed by thirty-three of the visiting ladies, was submitted at the closing meeting.

Mr. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, Mass., who has filled the office of permanent secretary for over twenty years, was re-elected for the ensuing term of five years. He fills in an able manner an office which is no sinecure. Mr. T. C. Mendenhall, of Washington, chief of the United States coast and geodetic surveys, ably presided, and retires from the head of the association. He is succeeded by Prof. Geo. L. Goodale, of the Botanic Gardens, Cambridge, Mass.

The general meetings of the association, as well as of the sections, were held in the buildings of the Toronto University, which were admirably adapted for the purpose. Toronto has the name of being a literary and educational centre, and that city certainly showed its appreciation of the honour done it by the association in the handsome manner in which it entertained the visitors. The study of science in Ontario has, doubtless, received a great impetus from this meeting.

The next meeting of the association will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., in August, 1890.

### LITERARY NOTES.

John G. Whittier, the poet, says he expects to live to be a hundred, though he is not anxious to live so long.

Dr. Paul Lindau, editor of *The Rundschau*, has published "Lace," a romance of Berlin life.

The September number of *Our Little Ones and the Nursery*, is, as usual, full of charming stories for the young.

F. C. Phillips, the author of "As In a Looking Glass," is in destitute circumstances and has been sued for non-payment of rent.

Several of the volumes of poems recently published in England bear new names. The list of hitherto unknown aspirants for poetic fame in late American catalogues is also large.

The second part of Sir J. C. Barrow's somewhat dramatic, but not unmeritorious poem, "Mary of Nazareth," has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Burns and Oates. Title and publishers reveal the faith to which the baronet is attached. Not long since we gave a sample of his style.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, for sometime connected with the *Star* and *Gazette* of the city, and recently engaged on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Mail*, has decided to abandon militant journalism for more distinctively literary work. An article from his pen will appear in a forthcoming number of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine.

A work of importance to writers of every class is Mr. J. G. Hargreaves' lately published "Literary Workers." The book, as its name implies, is intended mainly for literary aspirants. "Its purpose," says the author, "will be answered if it affords any genial stimulus to readers who may wish to rank among toilers of the pen."

The friends of Mr. Arthur Weir in this city will be sorry to hear that he is about to change his residence to Detroit, where an important position in the domain of science awaits him. In crossing the frontier (which is really all that he does) Mr. Weir is deserting neither Canada nor Canadian literature. He has promised to let us hear from him from time to time, and we shall always be glad to learn of his success.

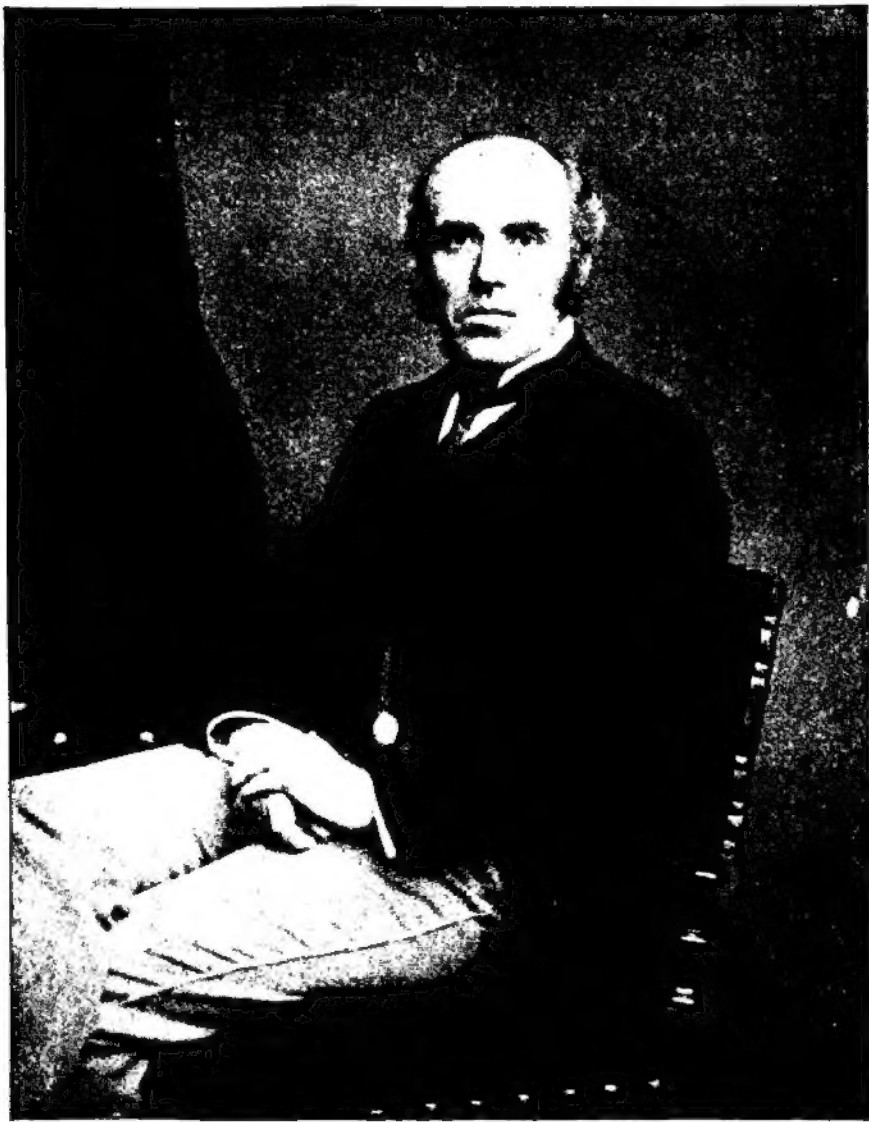
Among recent publications in England is a new translation of "Faust," by Alfred Henry Huth. *The Literary World*, in its review, says: "Nearly every new version adds something to our better comprehension of Goethe's masterpiece, not to speak of the pleasure we derive from the reading of the same work presented to us in a new form." Though not pronouncing Mr. Huth's version faultless, the critic finds much in it to commend.

We had the very real pleasure, on Wednesday last, of a call from Mr. William Sharp, the English poet, novelist and critic. There are cases in which it is better for us not to meet with authors whose works we admire. Mr. Sharp is as far as possible from being one of such cases. After meeting him we understand the magnetism that he exercises over many friends. In person he is handsome, in manner prepossessing, and altogether a delightful and instructive companion.

The following is the inscription on the memorial stone which records the last resting place at Montone of the historian, J. R. Green:

Here lies  
John Richard Green,  
Historian  
of the  
English People.  
Born December 12, 1837,  
Died March 7, 1883.  
He died learning.

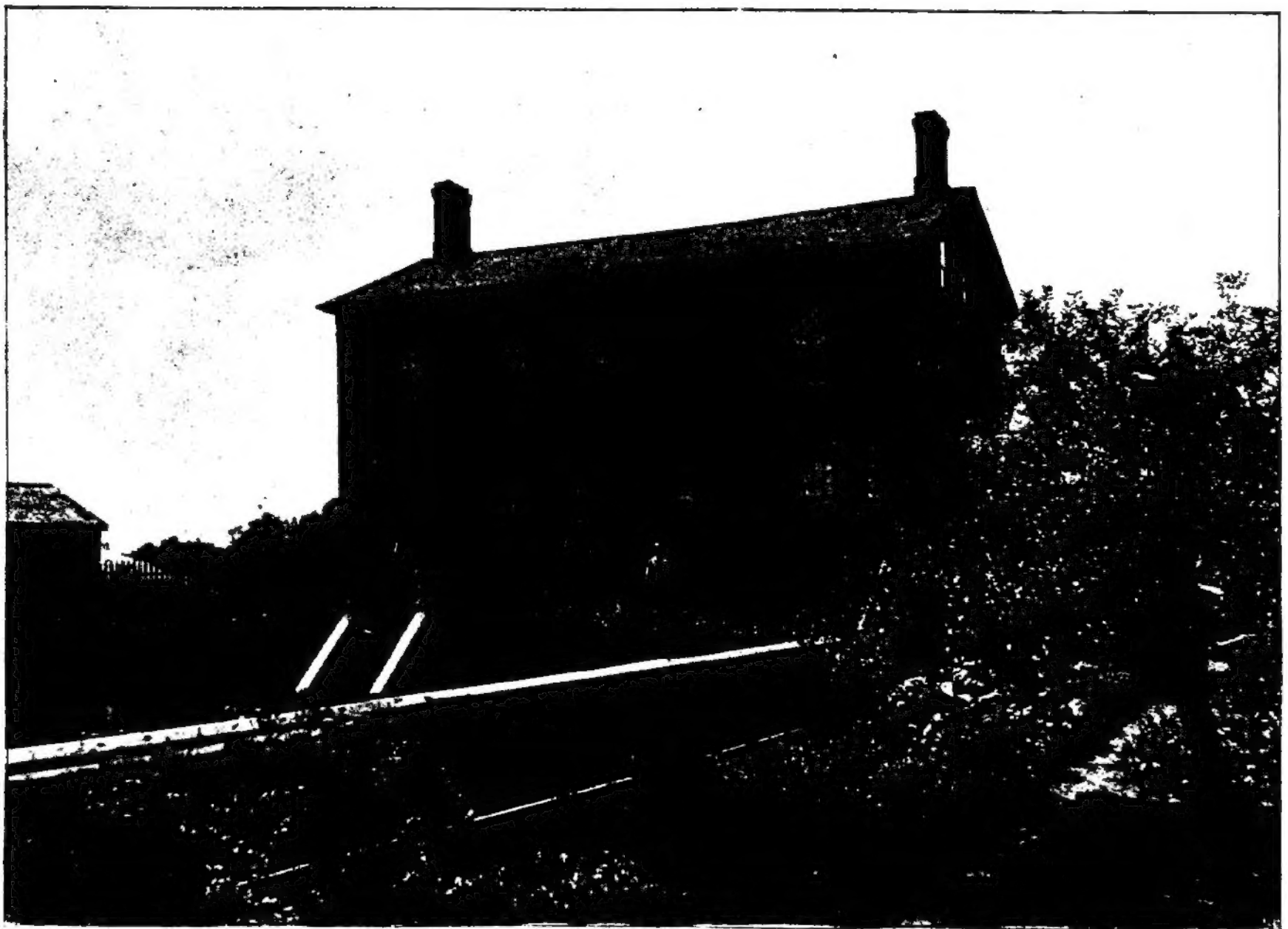
## CHILDREN'S EMIGRATION CHARITY.



JOHN T. MIDDLEMORE, PRINCIPAL OF THE GUTHRIE HOME,  
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.



HENRY GIBBENS, CANADIAN MANAGER OF THE GUTHRIE HOME,  
LONDON, ONT.



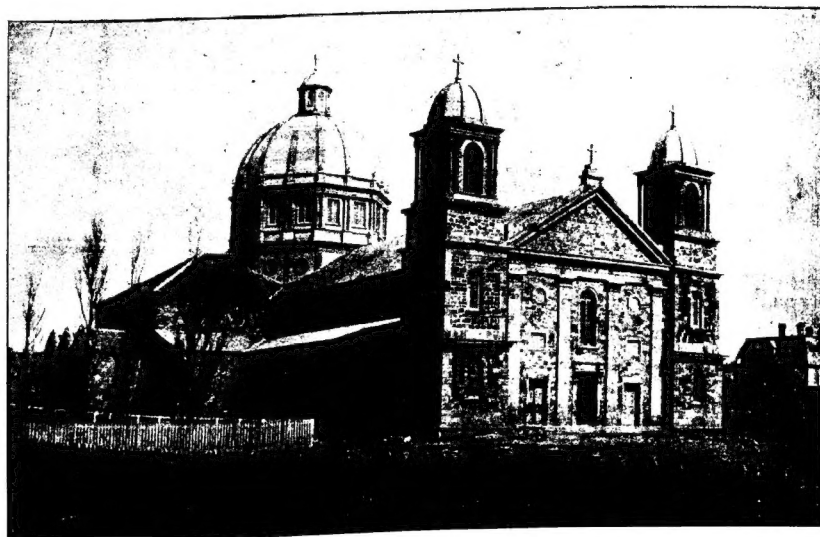
THE GUTHRIE HOME, LONDON, ONT.



COL. AUSTIN, COMMANDING THE 13th REGT. N. Y. S. N. G.,  
RECENTLY AT HAMILTON.



THE LATE HON. JUDGE L. V. SICOTTE.  
From a photo. by S. Bourassa, St. Hyacinthe.



THE R. C. CATHEDRAL AT HARBOUR GRACE, NFLD., RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.





**LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG—"MOUNT ELEPHANTIS" AND "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."**—We give in this number a further instalment of a series of views of Lake Memphremagog and its vicinity. A Montreal lady who has recently returned from there, has promised us a general description of that lovely body of water, the scenery around which is among the finest in Canada. A writer in *Picturesque Canada*, after pointing out how accessible the district has been made by the abundance of railway facilities, and describing the route thither from Montreal, by the Missisquoi Valley, to Newport, Vt., thus continues: "A third of the way down the most romantic water the boat whistle (of the 'Lady of the Lake') apprises us that we are crossing the 45th parallel, our International Boundary. Then, for twenty miles northward, a perspective of noblest scenery. The west shore is embossed with lofty cones—Canadian kindred of the Green Mountains—the highest being Mount Orford, 4,500 feet. Owl's Head springs from the water's edge 2,700 feet into the air. Between this venerable owl haunt and the sculptured profile of Elephantis you sail over a still unsounded abyss, which baffled Sir Hugh Allan and his sea-line of 1,200 feet. Yonder, on the opposite side, is that old sea-king's chateau; for, in the swelter of summer, it was his custom to rest here from the care of his fleets, and brace his nerves with the wine of mountain air. When we reach the lake-outlet at Magog we seem to be in the immediate presence of Orford, though the mountain stands back a few miles from the shore. From the summit in clear weather a most magnificent view is had: Mount Royal and all the mountain peaks from the Richelieu to the Chaudiere; Lake Memphremagog, its beautiful sister, Massawippi, and a score of other lakes; the Arcadian landscape of the Eastern Townships; and, beyond their southern frontier, the Green Mountains of Vermont and the White Mountains of New Hampshire."

**CHILDREN'S EMIGRATION CHARITY AND THE GUTHRIE HOME, LONDON, ONT.**—This philanthropic work was commenced in 1872 by Mr. John T. Middlemore, of Birmingham, England, to save boys and girls from falling into crime. This object is accomplished by the emigration of those children. Such children, after being trained from one to three years, are brought to Canada. Here they are admitted into the "Guthrie Home," (so named out of respect to the memory of Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, Scotland,) and from thence are sent out to settlements which have been provided for them. They are visited in these settlements by Mr. Henry Gibbens, the Canadian manager, and are removed from them if there is any valid cause for their removal, or they may be returned to the Guthrie Home, if their foster parents or employers are dissatisfied with them. Mr. Gibbens has received and settled since 1872 no less than 1,800 children. Many of those brought out have now farms of their own, while many others are holding positions of honour and trust; and, to show that the work is viewed with favour by the Canadian public, it is only necessary to state that during the year 1887 Mr. Gibbens received no less than 1,200 applications for children. Their success has been remarkable, the failures not amounting to 4 per cent of the number brought out. The annual expenditure of the work, which is all met by Mr. Middlemore and friends, is about \$15,000. It is the intention of Mr. Middlemore to build a new Home here this year, the present building being quite inadequate for present requirements.

**THE LATE HON. LOUIS VICTOR SICOTTE, EX-JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.**—In this number we give a portrait of the late Judge Sicotte, whose death a couple of weeks ago was regretted by a large circle of friends. The Hon. L. V. Sicotte is one of a large number of public men of whom Canada has during the last few months been called upon to mourn the loss. His figure was once a familiar one in the political arena, but he had retired to the more tranquil but no less useful and honorable calling with which he will be naturally associated by our younger readers before the great change which gathered the scattered provinces of North America into the Dominion of Canada had taken place. A whole quarter century had elapsed between his last appearance on the stage of militant politics, where for years he had been a sturdy and formidable combatant, and his lamented death. The Hon. Louis Victor Sicotte was born at St. Famille (Boucherville) on the 6th of November, 1812. He was educated at St. Hyacinthe College, and entered Parliament as the representative of St. Hyacinthe County in 1852. A year later he was offered the post of Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Hincks-Morin Ministry, which he declined because the other members would not proceed at once to settle the seigniorial tenure and clergy reserves questions, to the discussion of which he contributed both by speech and pamphlet, and ultimately saw decided in accord with his views. In 1854 he was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of old Canada. In 1858, after the new election, he was made Commissioner of Public Works in the Cartier-Macdonald Government, but retired in a few months on account of a disagreement with his colleagues on the capital site question. In May, 1862, he took the portfolio of Attorney-General (East) with the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald as Premier, a charge which he held till May, 1863. In Sep-

tember of the same year he was made a Judge of the Superior Court. In 1862 he was a Commissioner to England at the London International Exhibition. He was also for some years President of the Board of Agriculture and a member of the Council of Public Instruction. He was a warm friend of Ludger Duvernay, founder of the St. Jean Baptiste Society in this city, and earnestly co-operated with him in his patriotic work. He retired from the Bench in November, 1887. Judge Sicotte married, in 1837, Margaret Amelia, daughter of Benjamin Starnes, of Montreal, and sister of Hon. Henry Starnes. He has left ten children living.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, HARBOUR GRACE, NEW-FOUNDLAND.**—It is with a feeling of sadness that we direct attention to the engraving of this beautiful edifice, for the memory of it is all that now remains. As our readers may recall, it was not long since burned to an unshapely ruin. To our Newfoundland readers, especially those who worshipped in or were familiar with the sacred structure, when it was still the chief ornament of the old town of Harbour Grace, we feel sure that this engraving will be a prized memorial.

**HAMILTON CARNIVAL.**—We are happy to lay before our readers, in this issue, a series of admirably characteristic views, taken expressly for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, of the great Summer Carnival which has left such happy memories in the people of, and thousands of visitors to, the thriving and beautiful City of Hamilton. Last week we gave a brief sketch of Hamilton's career since it rose, under auspices of promise so amply fulfilled, out of "the forest primeval." We have also referred from time to time to some of the more important results of the carnival, especially to the Commercial Congress and Ontario Business Men's Association. The pictures of this day's number of our journal will give a fair impression both of some chief points of interest in the city and of the manner in which the carefully made carnival arrangements were carried out. The enterprise had its birth in May and soon took practical shape under the executive committee. The officers of that body were Mayor Doran, president; Messrs. W. H. Gillard, George Roach, George E. Bristol, vice-presidents; and Mr. C. R. Smith, secretary-treasurer. The business, professional and general community entered enthusiastically into the scheme, and during carnival week the entire population took pride in seconding the efforts of the authorities and carnival officials to make the occasion worthy of Hamilton's wealth, beauty, and known hospitality.

**THE PROCESSION ON KING AND JAMES STREETS.**—Here we have one of the grandest features of Hamilton's great Summer Carnival. The engraving is full of points of interest which the reader can study at leisure.

**SCENE AT THE GORE.**—The Gore is as well known in Hamilton as the Place d'Armes is in Montreal. In the engraving our readers catch a glimpse of it, under circumstances that show how greatly the carnival had quickened the pulse of civic life. A multitude is always interesting to one who reflects and compares, though we do not suppose the gloomy forecasts attributed to the Persian King of old were very rife on the occasion to which our picture refers. The student of Hamilton's history and progress might indeed find abundant food for thought, not only in the holiday-making throng, but in the noble piles of buildings that cover the site on which Mr. Robert Land (we believe that was his name) made himself a home in the wilderness nearly a century and a quarter ago. The true Hamiltonian, nevertheless, is more likely to look forward than backward, however interesting to the antiquarian the retrospect may be. And that the carnival has given an impulse to the industry and commerce of the city, of which the fruits will ere long be apparent, there is, we believe, no reason to doubt.

**COLONEL DAVID E. AUSTEN, 13TH REGT., N.Y. STATE NATIONAL GUARD.**—David E. Austen, Esquire, Colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment, New York State National Guard, was born at Bowling Green, at the southern extremity of New York city, in 1841. His father was a member of the mercantile firm of Austen, Wilmerding & Co., and his grandfather was a member of the firm of Haggerty, Austen & Co. He has himself been a successful business man, and is now auditor of the City of New York. He joined the Seventh New York Regiment as a private in 1859, and served a short time in the field with that corps in 1861. Shortly afterwards he was elected first lieutenant of Co. I. of the Forty-Seventh Regiment, and with that corps he was sent to the front in 1862 and 1863. He rose by successive steps to the Colonelcy of the Forty-seventh, and in 1877 he was elected Colonel of the Thirteenth. Colonel Austen has given much thought to military matters, and has elaborated a scheme of street firing drill. Under his command his regiment has fully maintained the fine reputation it had formerly gained. It has twice visited Canada—Montreal in 1876 and Hamilton on the occasion of the Summer Carnival recently held in that city.

**OFFICERS OF THE 13TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK STATE NATIONAL GUARDS.**—This fine group of volunteer soldiers commands an admiration which was, doubtless, gladly yielded during their stay in Hamilton. An old Latin proverb says that one of the best uses to make of a rival is to profit by his good example—*fas est ab hoste doceri*. The 13th, it is true, did not come across the border in that guise. Indeed, with all our angry diatribes on paper, it is very seldom that our neighbours and we fall out when we find ourselves in company. Rivalry of this kind is, however, not only permissible, but to be commended, and such con-

quering heroes as Col. Austen and his valiant comrades will always, we hope, be welcomed to Canada. Nay more, we may profit by their patriotism, their honest pride in their country's greatness, and by their promptness to defend its flag in the hour of danger, while trusting that our own brave volunteers may never meet them otherwise than as friends.

**PARADE OF THE 13TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK STATE NATIONAL GUARDS.**—This event, which took place on the Exhibition Grounds, Hamilton, was one of the most popular features of carnival week. The visiting regiment, under its veteran commander, Col. Austen, was a credit to the patriotism and military sentiment of our Republican neighbours, and would have passed muster on any field. Every member of this crack corps considers himself bound by solemn obligation to contribute *pro virili* to its prestige, so that the Colonel, who is past master in military tactics and has himself served in every rank, in his ambition to make the regiment a model in all soldierly qualities, finds able and willing help in the *esprit de corps* that pervades every member of it.

**THE SOURIS RIVER, MANITOBA.**—The views upon page 188 are taken at various points along the line of the Souris River, in Manitoba, in the district which is now being opened up by the Souris branch of the C. P. R. from Brandon to the coal fields near the American boundary. The river, from which the district takes its name has its rise in the provisional district of Assiniboia, about forty-five miles south of Qu'Appelle station, whence it flows in a south-easterly direction, crossing the boundary into Dakota in Range 34, but re-entering again at range 26, when it has taken a north-easterly bearing, and it continues its course upon Canadian soil until it joins the Assiniboine near Millford, having a total length of some 800 miles. The country which is drained by this immense watercourse is the finest agricultural district in the world; rich alluvial soil; uplands stretching miles upon miles without a stone to stop the progress of the plough, and meadows and river bottoms wherein the cattle from a thousand hills may graze upon the succulent native grasses; while west of Range 6, in Assiniboia, lies the coal deposit, which is destined to produce the fuel supply of this great North-Western country. The district which we have been describing has long been settled, but the distance from a railway market has much retarded its material progress. Now, however, the prospect of railway connection with the markets of the world has stimulated the greatest activity. Many thousands of acres of fresh prairie have been placed under cultivation, and land is changing hands at prices that a year or two ago would have been declared extravagant, but of which there are now hundreds of buyers ready to take advantage. The principal settlement along the new railway is that at Plum Creek, some twenty-five miles south-west of Brandon, at the junction of Plum Creek with the Souris River, and one of the prettiest and most thriving places in Manitoba. Plum Creek has a famous roller process flouring mill, good stores and hotel accommodation; in fact, is a model town, and with the promised railway facilities will be one of the most prosperous places in the province. Farther south are Melgund and Meleta just starting into life, and we may expect another thriving town at the Souris coal fields, some 160 miles south-west of Brandon. The value of these coal deposits can hardly be over-estimated. Instead of \$8 and \$9 per ton for soft coal, once the railway is built points in Manitoba will get coal at \$5 and \$6 per ton. In future issues we will give further illustrations of this vast country that is now attracting so much attention. These will include views of the several operations performed in rapid prairie railway construction, and also the development of the Souris coal fields. These engravings, though not so picturesque as those of some of our mountain scenery in previous issues, are illustrative of a country that is destined to be the wheat granary of Canada.

## ÆSTHETICISM.

There was a man of Yukatan  
Who hadn't washed since life began,  
But on the continental plan  
He wore his unbleached hide;  
And when he chanced to come their way,  
The chaffinch and the popinjay,  
At once removed to distant spray  
Upon the windward side.

But happiness as I can guess  
Does not depend on cleanliness,  
For maidens did this chief caress  
In number twenty score;  
Some loved the colour of his brow,  
Some praised his judgment in pow-wow;  
His abstinence from soap I vow  
Delighted many more.

And here we find, tho' undesigned,  
Taught by the subtle female mind,  
A lesson for the most refined,  
Like us, to profit by;  
Tho' cracks and flaws the surface blot,  
Tho' all the rhymes he only rot,  
Or even dirt, it matters not  
To an æsthetic eye.

F. G. SCOTT.



## OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

## XII.

THE SITUATION OF THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL—ITS EXTERIOR—VALLEYS OF THE BOW AND SPRAY RIVER—A SKETCHING EXPEDITION—THE LOWER HOT SPRING—INNER AND OUTER BATHING FACILITIES—THE GROTTO AND THE POOL—UPPER HOT SPRING ON SULPHUR MOUNTAIN—EXTENT OF THE NATIONAL PARK.

On the morning of July 1st (Dominion Day), which last year fell upon a Sunday, I woke to the beauties of Banff, and, drawing aside the curtains of my window, beheld a vision of mountain peaks, off which the mists were slowly rolling. The Banff Springs Hotel faces due north, and my apartment, being in the front, commanded an extensive view across the Bow Valley to the Rockies. An unimproved foreground of ugly stumps, through which the road wound, made an unattractive approach to the building, which, in my humble opinion, should have turned its back to this barren unpromising region and its front to the valleys of the Bow and Spray. It must be remembered, however, that in 1888 the place was yet in its infancy, being only just opened to the public, and, no doubt, the dreary waste between the town and the hotel has since undergone much improvement, as it might be most advantageously laid out in lawns and terraces. When we adjourned to the dining-room for breakfast, I discovered that my surmises had been correct, as from that side of the building the best scenery may be enjoyed. The Bow unites with the Spray immediately below the high bluff on which it is situated, the valleys of both rivers being separated by a fine mountain, called from its peculiar formation the Twin Peaks, rising abruptly at their confluence and terminating in a series of bold serrated crags, which are sharply defined against the sky.

We discussed over an excellent repast the division of our party's limited time to its best advantage among the lions of Banff. I had come on sketching intent, so that my object and destination was the most picturesque and attainable locality in the neighbourhood. Two of our number were in favour of an immediate visit to the invigorating Hot Springs, my husband desired to discover an old friend resident in the town, while the senior member of our little company (a grave and reverend signor) placed himself at my disposal as guide and counsellor. We sallied forth accordingly to contemplate the exterior of the hotel, which we had approached at midnight. It was pronounced by my escort, who is the architect of the Pacific division of the C.P.R., and, therefore, a competent authority, to be in the Schloss style of the Rhenish Provinces, characterised by octagonal towers, with the addition of wide verandahs, having open galleries above. At the ends of two of the wings these galleries are enclosed with glass and form delightful reading and smoking rooms. The building is laid out in the form of the letter H, and the general effect of the design is both artistic and imposing.

The view from the front as we emerged, looking away over the stumps of the foreground, revealed magnificent mountains, rising in the north, where they enclose the Bow Valley, their bases so near apparently in the clear atmosphere as to be almost within reach, while their summits glittered with eternal snow in the bright sunshine. Masses of mist as we gazed swept off their rocky sides, wreathing vast expanses of rock and timber in clouds of gray gossamer, while away from the west to southeasterly the Bow River rolls in the winding channel it has cleft for itself, in ages past, between the serried ranges of the Rocky Mountains. After thoroughly investigating the landscape, we decided to descend from the elevation of the hotel to the south valley, and slid and scrambled down a precipitous path to the level of the river, near its junction with the Spray, behind the Banff Springs Hotel. At this point the Bow, which has changed its course a mile above the hotel and taken a

southerly bend, tumbles over a pretty fall into a deep dark pool, formed by the backwater from the swiftly flowing current. I soon found a charming view of this cascade, looking northeast directly up the river, which is apparently hemmed in by two noble mountains, round whose bases it winds. I esconced myself on a block of wood provided by my cavalier, who had rambled across the iron bridge over the Spray to spy out the land beyond.

On these sketching expeditions I feel distinctly and insignificantly an amateur. I travel with neither artist's easel, stool, nor umbrella. My outfit is of the simplest,—a sketching block portfolio, a bag containing paint box, water bottle, sponges, wipers, etc.—these, with my own stout gingham, supply my humble needs and proclaim that I am neither ambitious nor professional.

I had not long been at work when my anti-type appeared upon the scene in the person of a vigorous American, who set up an ostentatious easel, seated herself upon the well-known and advertised folding-stool, and erected the protecting umbrella. When a heavy shower drove me temporarily beneath the spreading tree where she was established, I found that she was diligently libelling nature on a vast canvas of good solid oil paint. In a short time I succeeded in securing a fair representation of the view, and my guide having returned from his explorations and warned me that it was past mid-day and another meal awaited our patronage, we duly scaled the high cliff we had descended, and rallied round the table assigned to our party. The bathers appeared with enormous appetites, the result of their dip in mineral waters, and my husband had discovered his friend, Mr. E. A. Nash, Assistant Dominion Land Agent at Banff, so the morning was pronounced fruitful in cause and effect. Mr. Nash having offered me his services for the afternoon in the substantial shape of the national buckboard and pair of Indian ponies to investigate districts not within reach of pedestrians, I prepared for my initial experience of the above mentioned western vehicle, which I found extremely comfortable. We drove first down through the southern valley of the Bow, below the hotel, which, together with the town of Banff, is located in the Canadian National Park, an immense domain containing 216 square miles. A more beautiful spot it would be difficult to conceive. The Park lies northeast by southwest, bounded by a range of snow-capped mountains. It is intersected by the Bow and Spray Rivers, and within its limits are Cascade Mountain, Sulphur Mountain, (the source of the hot springs), and the Twin Peaks. Nestled among these rugged heights lies the Devil's Lake, a fine expanse of water, from whose surface the surrounding scenery can be fully appreciated. Throughout this extensive tract the Government have made excellent macadamised roads. One of these we took, and crossing the Spray bridge, followed the course of the Bow River, through some prettily wooded land, opening into a fine bit of prairie, which we could have explored for many miles had I not desired to see the far-famed hot springs, distant one mile and a-half from the hotel and not far from the town. Thither the horses' heads were accordingly turned, and in a short time we drew up at the Lower Hot Spring, which issues from the base of Sulphur Mountain. Its mineral waters are the property of the Dominion Government, who have erected very ornamental and commodious bath-houses, in rustic style, for the convenience of visitors. This spring issues from its source in two entirely distinct ways, offering the peculiarity of both inside and outside natural bathing facilities in hot water. Deep in the bowels of the earth is a large circular grotto enclosing a pool 90 feet in circumference, from whose bottom several springs of very high temperature rise. They are moderated, however, by a stream of cold water that falls from one of the walls and reduces them to a tepid state. This grotto was originally entered through a small opening in its roof, scarcely large enough to admit a man's body, which a ladder connected with the deep pool below. It now serves for purposes of light and ventilation. Another small outlet was subsequently discovered and converted into a tunnel 100 feet long, at present giving access to the interior. The basin of the grotto is lined with

concrete, and surrounded by a wooden platform, furnished with seats. Taking one of these, I gazed first down into the dark water, then up to the arched vault above, carved by the action of sulphur forces into every conceivable stalactite and fungoid formation; inhaled brimstone vapours at a temperature of 95 degrees; and fully realised the possible horrors of the Infernal Regions. No more weird or infernal spot could be imagined. A truly Stygian resort, wherein troops of devils might come forth and disport themselves in the dead of night.

Outside, not 100 yards from the grotto and immediately at the base of a high grass cliff, is the pool, which has been enclosed and made into an ideal swimming bath. The water is regulated to any desired depth by means of a waste pipe, which can be opened and closed at will. It is of clear turquoise blue colour, and the source of the spring is distinctly visible at the bottom in deep round indigo blue spots. The temperature is quite as warm as that of an ordinary hot bath, and bathing may be enjoyed in its sparkling bosom beneath a brilliant blue sky, whose every cloud shape is reflected in the pool below. Two miles from the town and hotel is the upper and hottest spring, high on the side of Sulphur Mountain. This I visited the next morning, thanks to the useful buckboard. I found that the water, gushing out of a wall of rock at 120° Fahrenheit, was too warm to dip my hands in. From this spot it is conveyed by iron pipes to the Banff Springs Hotel below, where there is a fine bath house and every convenience to enable its visitors to benefit by the springs without leaving the building. The Dominion Government had in 1888 made no improvements at the upper spring, where, however, Dr. Brett has established excellent bathing accommodation in connection with his larger institution near the town. An impending rainstorm drove me home in two senses of the word before I had time to complete my examination of this hottest spring. The early part of the afternoon I devoted to sketching the south valley of the Bow from one of the glass galleries in the hotel, and the latter portion to fishing in the river, the senior member of our party, an accomplished disciple of the venerable Isaac, taking me under his charge. The vaulted trout in the Bow, however, declined to be tempted even by the most insinuating and natural flies. Common beef, though scouted by my companion, produced a few desultory nibbles; but the sport was not good enough for us and was soon abandoned. Trout fishing in the Bow, we learnt afterwards, is practically exhausted, being open to all comers, though first-class fishing may be had at Devil's Lake, seven miles from Banff, where large black trout abound. The following morning (Tuesday, July 3rd), we were roused from our beds at the witching hour of four to catch the Pacific express, which bore us swiftly back to the Columbia Valley. For those requiring total change of air and scene, with rest of body and mind combined, with cool bracing mountain air, and the absence of the dressing and dancing of ordinary fashionable summer resorts, no more suitable place than Banff could be selected. The temperature at its elevation of over 4,000 feet demands warm wraps as additions to every wardrobe. The early morning air is always cool and the evenings decidedly chilly. We found no mosquitoes during the first week in July, and if these pestiferous insects do appear there later in the season, their sojourn must of necessity be a short one.

PHOTOGRAPHING BY HEAT.—It may be said that photographs can be taken by heat as well as by light. The action of the shorter waves of energy which we call light is quicker and sooner manifest to the eye than the action of the long waves which we call heat; but the invisible heat rays in the solar spectrum have been photographed. The slow action of heat in changing the molecular state of bodies is well known. It is probable that an emulsion could be formed which would give an image of a hot black kettle in a dark chamber. The element of time, however, would probably be an important one. Indeed we are often presented with evidences of the picture-making facility of heat rays. A fern-leaf upon ice is soon represented by the difference of molecular action. A stationary carriage-wheel standing in the sun upon the frozen ground is found to have left its photograph upon the ground when it moves on.—*Prof. John Treubridge.*

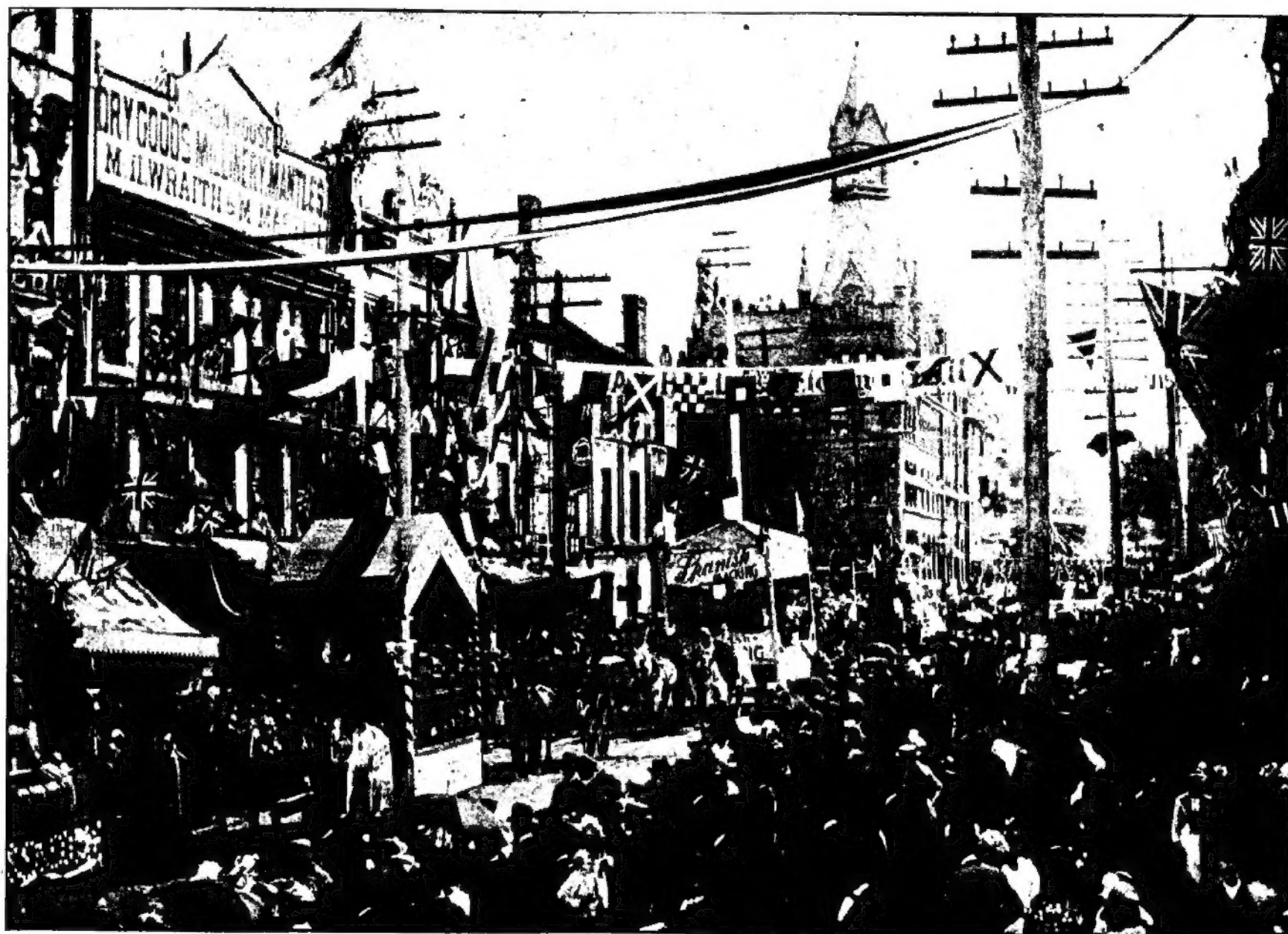


## THE HAMILTON CARNIVAL.

From instantaneous photos. taken by Farmer Bros., on the J. H. Farmer Dry Plate.



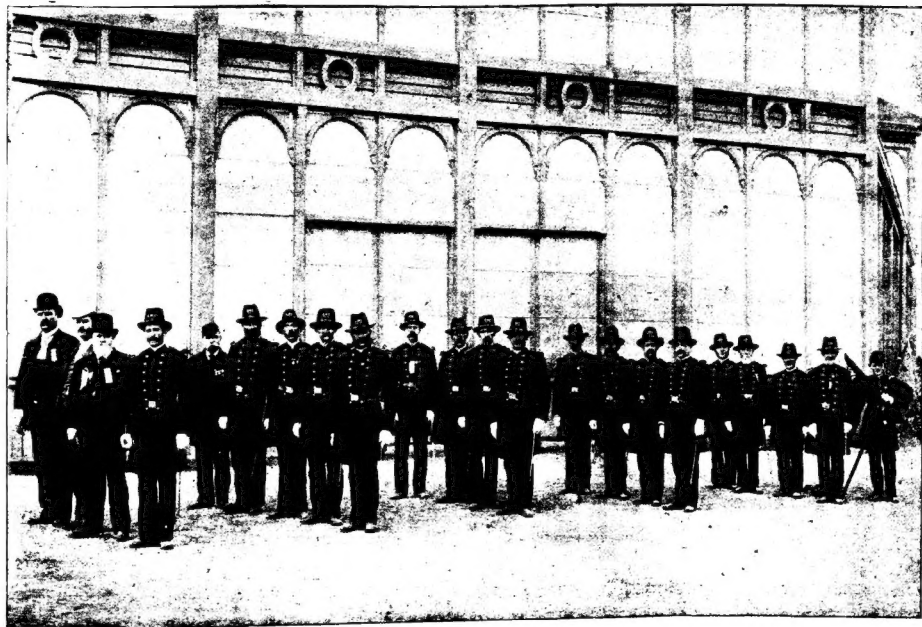
THE TRADES PROCESSION AT THE GORE.



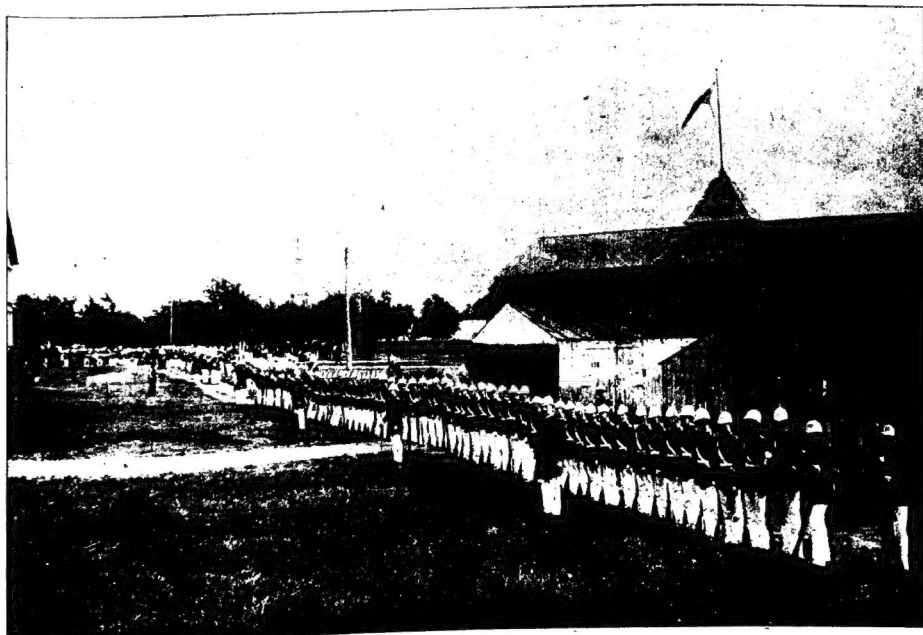
THE TRADES PROCESSION ON KING AND JAMES STREETS.

THE HAMILTON CARNIVAL—VISIT OF THE 13th BROOKLYN.

Farmer Bros. photo



OFFICERS OF THE 13th REGIMENT N. Y. S. N. G. OF BROOKLYN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



PARADE OF THE 13th REGIMENT OF BROOKLYN ON THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



# Sleeping or Waking?

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF JOHN COATES

BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

I bounded from my seat and stared at him with astonishment. I was thunderstruck when I first saw Miss Alice in this room a few hours ago, but I was perfectly dumbfounded as I gazed at this man. For he was the man of my vision—the man who had driven out to the railway crossing—the man who waved the lantern that stopped the train—the man who endeavoured to entice Miss Alice from the car—the man whom I had hurled into the bushes.

I gazed at him with wide open eyes, until Mr. Furze said:

"What is the matter, Mr. Coates? You look as though you saw a ghost." While the man called Austell said, in harsh tones, "What the devil are you staring at?"

I sunk down in my chair and tried to collect my senses. Words would not come for some minutes, but after another question from Mr. Furze, I said:

"If you will permit me, sir, I would like to make an explanation of my conduct since I entered your house this afternoon, which must certainly have seemed very strange to you."

"Somewhat strange, certainly, Mr. Coates. But I beg you will defer your explanation till after I have got rid of this somewhat troublesome visitor," intimated Austell.

"I trust you will permit Mr. Austell to remain," I answered. "He may be able to elucidate a mystery."

"Certainly, if you particularly wish it," responded Mr. Furze; "but be kind enough to make your explanation as brief as possible, as I am not anxious to have this man in my house a moment longer than I can help."

I promised to comply with the request of my host, and then, after a few moments spent in collecting my somewhat shattered senses, I told my story.

I commenced from the moment I left Mr. Furze the previous evening, and then recounted all the incidents of my strange vision—the sights that passed before me as I sat in a half-drowsy state before my fire—I told how, led by an irresistible impulse, I had taken a carriage and driven to the railway crossing, and, when there, how all that I had seen in my vision had been verified.

While I was telling my story the faces of my listeners were a study. On those of Mr. and Mrs. Furze were stamped incredulity and surprise—incredulity at the strangeness of my narrative, and surprise at the varied emotions depicted on the countenances of Miss Alice and Austell. The two latter followed me through, listening to my every word with breathless attention, and would have interrupted me in the course of my narrative more than once had I not requested them to keep silence till I had finished. But when I had got to the scene on the platform of the car, and said:

"You, Miss Alice, are the young lady that I prevented being carried off by this gentleman, Mr. Austell," the latter jumped to his feet, and, with an oath, advanced towards me with the words:

"And so it is you, sir, whom I have to thank for the frustration of my scheme? It is you whom I have to thank for taking me unawares and hurling me from the car? Rest assured you shall pay for it dearly, you—"

What he was going to say was interrupted by Mr. Furze, who, in a loud voice, exclaimed:

"Hold! What means all this? Speak, Joseph Austell, is this all true? Has Mr. Coates been telling a true story or a fable? Tell me, Joseph Austell. Tell me, Alice."

Then it was that Austell saw the grave mistake he had made in so rashly confirming my suspicions. But Miss Alice was the first to answer her uncle's question.

"Uncle," she said, "Joseph certainly did get on the car when it stopped at the crossing. He entered the Pullman, and, advancing to me, said that you had driven out with him to meet me at the crossing, and requesting me to accompany him to your carriage, where, Joseph said, you awaited me,

proposing that we should drive back to the city together. I followed him to the platform of the car, and was just about stepping out when I was gently pushed back and the door closed in my face. A few moments afterwards the train started again and did not stop till we arrived at Bonaventure Depot at ten minutes past ten. I saw nothing more of Joseph, and thought it somewhat strange. I intended mentioning the circumstance to you, uncle, but you know that the moment I uttered Joseph's name you bade me, if I wanted to retain your affection, never to mention my cousin's name in your presence."

While Miss Alice was speaking the old merchant had kept his eyes fixed sternly on the ever-changing and villanous countenance of Austell, and when the young lady had finished he said, in harsh tones:

"Now, sir, what have you got to say? What dark deed were you engaged in last night? No lying will avail you now. Tell me at once, sir, what your scheme was and, if you value at all your own interest, try if you can speak the truth for once in your life."

Austell commenced in a tone of bravado to make light of the affair, but was immediately checked by Mr. Furze, who said, sternly:

"The truth, sir, otherwise I will order my servant to go for a policeman and have you arrested on a charge of forgery. Ah! sir, you turn pale at this; but I tell you that were you not my sister's child you should long ago have been behind prison bars."

The cornered villain, after bestowing upon me a look of the deepest hate, finding that his former brave air availed him not, replied in cringing tones:

"Don't be so hard on me, uncle, and I will tell you all."

"Stop, sir! Never call me uncle again. I disown you entirely, and after you leave this house to-day, I trust I shall never look upon your face again. Now speak, quickly."

"So be it," he returned; "I will not keep you longer in suspense. You know you have forbidden me to see my cousin; but what do I care for your commands when I consider my interest at stake. I knew, for you had told me yourself, that Alice was to be your heiress, and I thought it unjust that she should have all your money, while I was to be cast off with a shilling. I, therefore, made several visits to Toronto for the purpose of seeing her, and I think that I worked so much on her feelings that she at last looked on me at least with pity. My scheme was to marry her privately before she returned to Montreal, but in this I was baffled. I thought she would stay in Toronto till Christmas, and did not learn that you had requested her to come to this city at once till the night before last. Then I concocted the plan to abduct her, and would have carried it out successfully had not this meddling fool—whom may the foul fiend take—stepped in and spoiled my scheme. I thought that, once in my power, I could prevail upon Alice to consent to a private marriage, and then I could have snapped my fingers at you. Now you know all, and I suppose I can say good evening."

"One moment," said the old merchant, in stern tones. "I have but few words to say, but I warn you to listen to them attentively. Joseph Austell, you are a criminal in the eyes of the law. You are a forger, and now you have confessed yourself guilty of attempted abduction. Do you know the penalty for these crimes? If not, I advise you to find out as soon as possible. That you have the blood of my dead sister in your veins is the only thing that compels me to show leniency toward you. Now I warn you. Get out of this city to-night—get to the States—for if you are seen here, or in any part of Canada, within the next forty-eight hours, you will be arrested and made to answer for your crimes. I will give you twenty-eight hours to get away, after which time I will lay my complaint before the police authorities, with instructions to arrest you should you be found in Canada. Now, go, baffled villain that you are, and let me never see you again."

Casting a look of the deepest hate on all the personages present, Joseph Austell left the room not one of the four inmates of which ever saw him again.

V.

A deep and long-continued silence succeeded the departure of Joseph Austell. Each occupant of the room was occupied with his or her thoughts, and all wondered at the strange occurrences of the past night, in which I had played so prominent a part. At last Mr. Furze spoke:

"Mr. Coates," he said, "my treatment of my nephew must seem somewhat strange to you; but so many remarkable things have happened during the past twenty-four hours, that I am sure you will pardon me if I am somewhat bewildered at the course of events. But you have given your explanations, and a tale it was—fraught with wonderful events; therefore, I feel that I owe you something on my own part in return."

"My dear sir," I replied, "I assure you I do not want you to say anything that may be painful to you. It is no business of mine how you treat your nephew, and I feel assured that you would not treat him harshly without just cause."

"Thanks, my friend," said the old merchant; "but still I feel that it is my duty to tell you something of my nephew, more especially as you are about to become a partner in our concern, and some things may be brought before your notice in your new capacity that it were well you should have an inkling of in advance. Besides, I am sure Alice here is willing that you should know, after the great service you rendered her last night."

The young lady appealed to had been silent since the departure of Austell. She was stunned, bewildered, at the audacity of the plot laid bare by her villainous cousin, and found it difficult to command her voice. At last she said:

"Oh! uncle, help me to thank Mr. Coates for saving me? Where should I have been now but for him?"

Then, turning to me, she held out her hand and continued:

"I thank you with all my heart, and shall pray for your peace and happiness as long as I have breath in my body."

I took the little hand pressed it warmly, while I muttered as lightly as I could:

"Miss Alice, you make far too much of the slight service I was enabled to render you. I acted from impulse,—I was led, as it were, by invisible hands."

"The hands of Providence," ejaculated Mrs. Furze, who had not yet spoken, and she also arose and gave me her hand.

"Yes," I continued, "Providence must have led me to prevent the consummation of a vile plot, and I thank heaven that I followed the promptings of my heart, and allowed myself to be led, thus arriving just in time to avert a terrible misfortune to Miss Furze."

"Don't you think that I ought to have a share in this general handshaking," cried Mr. Furze, jumping up and holding out his hand, which I grasped, and received a hearty shake. "If anybody ought to thank Mr. Coates I am sure it should be I, and I assure you," he said to me, "that I shall remember your action as long as I live. It has but added another page to the record of esteem in which I hold you."

I assured them all once more that they were making far too much of the service I was enabled to render Miss Furze; but they drowned my voice in protestations to the contrary.

When a lull in the conversation at last occurred, Mr. Furze said:

"And now, if you will allow me, I will get over an unpleasant duty as quickly as possible. Joseph Austell, as I think I mentioned, is the son of my dead sister. The latter made a runaway marriage with one of my father's clerks, who was in no way suited to her. But of this I will not speak. My father, before his death, forgave his daughter, who had been widowed in the meantime, and settled \$4,000 a year on her for life, and left \$20,000 for her son, Joseph, which he was to receive on his twenty-first birthday. The boy was given a good education, or, at least, he was sent to the best schools, and subsequently to college; but I am afraid he paid very little attention to his studies, being always mixed up with all the wild pranks of the students; in fact he was looked upon as the





GROUSE.—Lal. reports show that grouse on the Scotch moors has been more numerous than last shooting season. Partridges and pheasants are also plentiful.

INVISIBLE FLY.—There is a new fly in the market which will doubtless take well with anglers. The hook is so completely concealed as to be invisible even when the fly is held in the hand. It is made like a white miller and is so constructed that the action of the water will not affect it.

HORSE RACING.—A very handsome programme has been issued by the Bel Air Jockey club describing the events to take place at the autumn meeting of the club this month. The meeting will last three days, September 21st, 26th and 28th. There will be fourteen races in all, and purses aggregating \$3,750 will be given.

A REMONSTRANCE.—It seems rather unfortunate that September 28 has been named as the date of both Dominion and Provincial championship meets. There are just as good athletes in the lower provinces as in the upper, and there is no reason why men from St. John and Halifax shouldn't compete for the championship of Canada against upper province men. Couldn't the date for the Maritime A.A.A.'s meet be fixed for a week later?—*St. John Evening Gazette.*

A PHENOMENAL INFANT.—Little Freddy Benthum is the latest wonder in the Merritt sporting world. Freddy is a small shaver, about nine years old, recently out from England, and when he stands in front of the wickets on the cricket field an amused titter is heard from the onlookers. But it is not long before the stranger is marvelling at Freddy's wonderful skill in blocking and gauging the rapidity and distance of balls. He outlasts five or six ordinary players and is far surer than any player in the team. The wee phenomenon also pitches a puzzling ball at baseball, and is a good all around sport.

A GRAND SPRINTING TOURNAMENT.—Professional foot racing has developed very fast in Australia during the last half dozen years. The favourite sport is sprinting, and the middle and long distances do not receive much attention. Advances from Adelaide, Australia, bring word of a project to hold the world's sprinting tournament and a twenty-five mile walk on November 9, December 11 and 21, and January 7. The sprinting events will be three handicaps modelled after the famous ones of Sheffield, England. The walk will be scratch and for the championship of the world. The first sprint will have \$2,500 for prizes, the second \$5,000, and the third \$7,500. The distances will be from 135 yards to 175 yards.

LACROSSE.—The Toronto *Telegram* says public interest in lacrosse is increasing. A sudden craze for baseball crowded the national game to the rear, but friends improved the period of unpopularity by correcting the faults of lacrosse and so increasing its attractiveness. Now the Canadian game is coming into favour again, while all signs indicate that professional baseball has had its day in Canada. The downfall of the latter sport will not be a calamity. It is impossible to impart the elements of local pride or patriotic feeling to the athletic contests of hired aliens. The game could scarcely be perpetuated in Canada by players who were scholars and gentlemen. And when it is dependent for prosperity upon the efforts of foreigners who publicly disgrace their not exalted profession, baseball has but a remote chance of permanently supplanting lacrosse.—*St. John Gazette.*

A LADIES' CRICKET MATCH.—One of the features of last month in social circles in England was a match played at Sunningdale Park, Bromley, Kent, between two teams of ladies captained by Lady Milner and Hon. Miss Scott. There was a large attendance of invited guests only, including the Countess of Romney, Lady Clementina Pratt, Lady Scott, Lady Florence Marshall, Lord William Nevill and Sir Allen Young. In the first innings Miss Scott's eleven only made 48, while Lady Milner's side scored 170, a large total for ladies. The chief scorers were Hon. Miss Lawrence 49, Lady Isabella Brassey 33, Lady Milner 15, Lady Lyon 18, Miss Fairfax 13, Lady Nevill 10 and Lady Leigh, not out, 6. Amongst the bowlers were Miss Curney and Miss Hargreaves 5 wickets each, and Hon. Mrs. Hyde. In Lady Milner's and Hon. Miss Lawrence and Adeen. In the second innings Miss Scott's team made 65 for 8 wickets.

LADIES WHO PLAY CRICKET.—Cricket among ladies is becoming quite "the thing" in aristocratic circles. In the West End of London four ladies' clubs have been formed within the past few weeks. A ladies' cricket match took place at Calcut Park, near Reading, the seat of Mr. Blagrove, between a team of Berkshire ladies, captained by Miss Hargreaves, who fought for the honour of their county with an eleven of the fair sex brought by Lady Edward Somerset from Gloucestershire. On the first inning Lady Edward's side was victorious with 126 runs against 63 on the other side. Miss Hunt, for the winners, made 53, Lady Cholmondeley, 23, not out; while Mrs. Wilson, Miss Ebbelston, Lady Mrs. Howard and Miss Morgan also got into double figures. For the defeated, Miss Tomlinson made 21, and Miss Smyth 13 runs. The most successful bowlers were Lady Muriel Howard, Miss Wilson, Miss Moore and Miss Beauchamp. In the second inning the ladies of Berkshire made 69 runs.—*London Quarterly.*

ring-leader in all the revels of the youth during his term at college. His mother, as long as she lived, endeavoured to screen her son as much as possible; but after her death, when Joseph came to live at my house, all his peccadilloes came out, and I was much grieved at the course he had been pursuing. The young man, who was then nearing his twenty-first year, was ostensibly studying law, but in reality doing nothing but gambling and leading a fast life. I remonstrated earnestly with him, telling him that, as he was nearing manhood, he ought to try to throw off his evil companions and endeavor to have some aim in life. He promised to take my advice, and for a few months, to all outward appearances, he conducted himself at least with propriety. This, however, was only with an object. On his twenty-first birthday he asked that the \$20,000 left by his grandfather be made over to him.

I advised him to leave it in the business, promising him big dividends; but this he objected to, saying that he had decided to travel for a couple of years before settling down, and that he thought he could make better use of the money than I could. Seeing that he was determined to obtain full control of his inheritance, I made no further opposition, but wrote him out a cheque for the amount. Next day he said good-bye, saying he would go to New York, and from there take passage for Europe. I made no objection to his proposed European trip, thinking that it would rid him of all his evil companions, and that, in seeing the world, he would also have time to consider the folly of the course he had been pursuing. Instead of going to New York, as he said he would, he went to Toronto, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with Alice and her mother. He stayed there some time, as I afterwards learned, and his record there was a very bad one indeed; but he took good care to keep his evil doings from reaching the ears of his aunt and cousin. Of his doings in New York and afterwards in Europe I must not say more than that I learned some time later that they were of the most disgraceful description. He remained in Europe three years, when he returned to Canada, but stopped some time in Toronto before he came on to Montreal. When he did present himself before me, I was astonished at the change wrought in his countenance by drink, debauchery and evil doings. I hardly recognized, in the villainous looking man who called me uncle, the young fellow who had left me three years before. But, let me hurry over this painful story. He came back, as he told me, 'dead broke.' His twenty thousand dollars had been gambled and squandered away. I endeavoured to talk seriously to him, but he only laughed in my face. I offered him a position in my warehouse, but he scorned the idea of trade. Then I offered to set him up in any business he wished for, and even advanced him a thousand dollars to start a real estate business, but he squandered the money in a few weeks, and never attempted so much as to open an office. Time and time again I advanced him money upon promise to reform, but the money all went the same way, and at last I was compelled to refuse to let him have any more. Then it was that he forged my name for \$2,000. After obtaining the money he fled to New York, from which place he wrote, telling me of his crime, but imploring my forgiveness, and saying that he was compelled to obtain the money in some manner to keep him out of jail. It was a long time before I could sufficiently overlook his crime and pardon him; but the thought that he was my sister's son at length overcame all my scruples, and I sent him a letter of forgiveness, conditional on his reform. He returned to Montreal, and I started him in business on St. James street, taking the precaution this time to rent the office myself, and for awhile he made pretence of leading a virtuous life. But it was only for a time. One day he was again missing, and shortly afterwards I discovered that he had again forged my name, this time for four thousand dollars. I took up the forged cheque, but employed detectives to discover him; but no trace of him was found, and I have not set eyes on him till to-day, although all this happened two years ago. This is the story of my nephew. I don't think we shall ever see him again. But I am

thankful to God that you, Alice, have escaped from the clutches of such a bad man." "Amen!" was uttered fervently from the three listeners.

It was some time before the gloom occasioned by Mr. Furze's recital was dispelled; but little by little it wore off, and, when tea was announced, all of us had in some degree recovered our cheerfulness, and the meal was a much more pleasant one than the dinner had been.

The evening passed all too quickly for me, for every hour I spent in Miss Alice's society revealed to me new charms in that young lady, and long before I left the house that night I realized that I was head over ears in love with my old employer's daughter.

On my departure all wished me a pleasant holiday, and all hoped to see me as soon as I returned to the city.

I suppose I ought to finish here, but I will just add another paragraph by way of postscript.

I enjoyed my holiday very much; but my thoughts, I am afraid, were more often devoted to a certain young lady on Sherbrooke street than to learning the best methods of angling for the finny tribe. On my return I was received heartily by my employer and duly installed into my new dignity as a partner in the old firm of Furze, Hatt & Coates. The kindly old gentleman insisted on taking me home to dinner with him, and I, nothing loth, once more met the young lady who filled my thoughts. She received me very kindly, and blushed a little when giving me her hand in welcome. That visit was but the beginning of many; in fact, as Mr. Furze said I was always welcome at his mansion. The old gentleman saw how things were going and gave me all the encouragement he could. And Alice? Before I had visited her many times I could see that I was not indifferent to her; and it was not very long before a glance in her dear eyes revealed the truth to me. Need I say more?

We have been married now for some years; but whenever either of us is asked regarding the manner of our first meeting, the answer invariably is:

"We were introduced to each other by invisible hands—joined together by the hands of Providence."

THE END.

## SERVANTS IN SOME GREAT HOUSES.

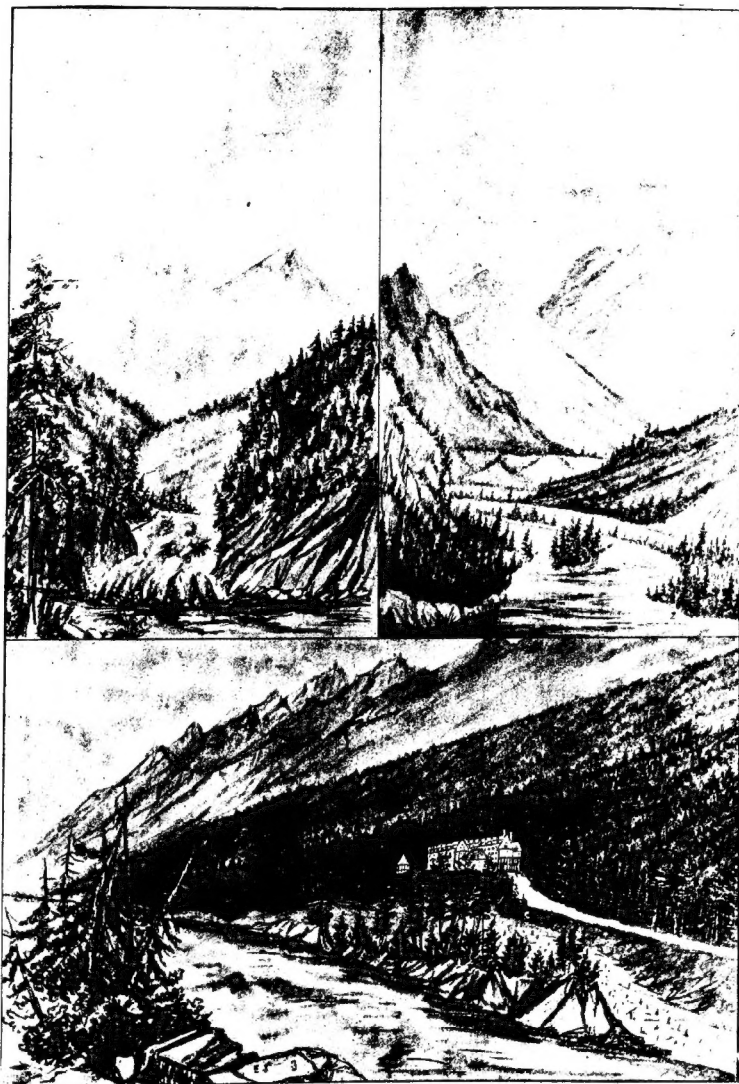
Life is here with the restrictions and leaden dullness of a house where the servants are treated as distinctly "inferiors"—creatures without rights and denied privileges—animated machines for doing the work all the same as if they were humanized brooms and brushes, intelligent pots and pans. Everything which lifts them out of that level is a matter for ridicule, animadversion or rebuke. The love of finery, which is integral to the female sex from the baby with her beads to the Queen with her crown, is a fault when exhibited by a maid in such a house as this. The love of children, the desire to possess a home of her own, a "treacherous inclination" for a good-looking lad likely to make a pleasant husband, all of which go with the sex, are so many proofs of supreme folly or of latent iniquity. She is a servant born to scrub and brush, attend on her betters, to accept such portions as is meted out to her at life's great feast with patience and gratitude, and all endeavours after independence are to be sternly regarded and severely repressed. Then the mistress breaks forth into loud self-pity and indiscriminate condemnation of the whole class, when human nature asserts itself, as it often does in these houses; when quarrels and flighty tempers interrupt the smooth working of the machine; when the natural instincts so cruelly compressed, which would have been satisfied with a little wholesome play, flow over into vice, perhaps crime; when things are done in the dark which would never have been done in the light; and when cataclysms and catastrophes convulse the family from A to Z—all for the want of understanding that human nature is a pretty constant quantity, and that it is not to be changed by a print frock or velvet gown.—*Chambers's Journal.*



VIEWS ON THE SOURIS RIVER, MANITOBA.

From photos. by J. A. Brock and F. W. Barrett, Brandon.

1. Souris River at Plum Creek. 2. Ferry near Plum Creek. 3. View 3 miles S. W. of Melgund and 5 1/2 S. W. of Brandon. 4. View near Melesta, Man.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series XII.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Cascade on the Bow River. 2. In the Bow River Valley. 3. Banff Springs Hotel and Sulphur Mountains.





REST.—What a welcome sound it has in this busy, bustling world of ours. To the tired mother, the worldly dame of fashion, the man of business, and the weary labourer, it sounds like some sweet refrain,—now far away as though it would gently remind them, then louder, as its calls are neglected, and it sees the short season of life slipping by in forgetfulness. But still they pause not to take this much-needed rest. No time is their cry, not a moment to spare; and so they hurry through life, crowding more and more into each day, till finally Rest speaks for the last time and death enters in, takes hold of the restless hands and folds them together for the last time. See, passing us are some of the never-resting ones. First, a woman in the prime of life, but care and anxiety have left their marks on her face. Note the restless glance of her eye, the fevered haste of her step as she hurries along. There is a certain crispness in the air which tells of the approach of autumn, does she feel it? A leaf tinged with crimson flutters down before her, does she admire it? The cheery call of a robin to its mate breaks upon the stillness, does she hear it? Above and around her every thing is bathed in the glorious sunlight. Is her heart stirred with love to the Giver of all these things? Does she lift to Him a voice of thankfulness for the beauties of nature? Is the load of care made lighter? Does Rest steal in and *Worry* fly away? No. Nature in all her loveliness is passed by unnoticed. Her mind is so filled with worries that she can give no thought to anything else. Something may have happened to the children while she was out, or Jane will have forgotten the bread in the oven, and so one by one they pass through her mind till she reaches home, plunges anew into her daily routine, and at night finds her seeking repose with throbbing brow and not one restful moment to look back upon. She is but one of a large class that go through life with the idea of laziness and rest utterly confounded. But see, here comes a woman of widely different character, and yet agreeing in the abuse of rest. She is not a home-woman, you see that at a glance. Winter is spent in a whirl of fashion; summer finds her hastening away to the mountains or seaside to *rest*, so as to be ready for the next winter. And how does she rest? Glance in some evening at the ball-room and you will see. The next one to pass is a successful business-man. As a boy his favourite study was botany. Many and many a day has he spent in the woods realizing a keen sense of pleasure as he brought to light some new specimen. As he grew older business crowded more and more into his life, till there was no room left for aught else. But you say it is for the sake of his family that he toils early and late to give them what they need. He must work hard, "competition is so keen nowadays." What they need! Ah! that is it. It is not luxuries they need alone. Many a woman would gladly give them up, if by so doing she could secure more of that sweet comradeship which was enjoyed in bygone days when rest had its time given. Where now are the pleasant conversations and delightful walks of old? No time for anything of the sort. And so they pass us one by one, each in his or her different way abusing this much-needed rest, which our heavenly Father would have each one take out of the whirlpool of life. Before Sin entered into the Garden of Eden what perfect bliss did our first parents enjoy. To them everything spoke of Him: from the smallest shrub to the loftiest tree, from the tiny blade of grass to the most brilliant flower, the lofty mountain and the rushing streams. All spoke of His love and kindness, and in them did they find their enjoyment. Ages have passed since then, but still nature remains unchanged, offering to each one of us pure simple enjoyment. Let us then banish this feverish excitement of haste which slowly but surely undermines all high and noble aspirations, which seeks to still the voice of con-

science, which would dull our sense of the beautiful, and finally make us a lead a life which Our Creator never intended for His children. Oh, let the voice of nature speak to your heart! Woo her, do not spurn her; remember that it is only to those who truly seek her that she will enfold herself in all her rare loveliness. Out of darkness and chaos came the world. Filled was it with life and beauty that innumerable sources of happiness might spring forth for those who would take of them. We see this feverish restlessness like a cancer gnawing its way into the lives of both old and young, and what are some of its results? A wasted life, an early death, or one more added to a suicidal grave, and, of the latter class, one cannot but notice the alarming increase. And why is this? Sometimes it is the cause of drink; but oftener it is the despairing cry of a soul over a wasted life. The grim voice of conscience is roused, perhaps after long years of silence. In vain the usual means of drowning it are resorted to. It will no longer be silenced, but, like a nightmare, haunts him, till he is driven in desperation to commit the awful deed. Had rest in the true sense of the word a place in the lives of these lost souls? It would have been far different had they but communed with nature. What lessons she would have unfolded to them! What deep truths of what life was given for. And as she rested for a season only to bring forth in greater abundance, the same lesson she would have urged to the weary, restless children. How all-wise and beautiful are the laws ordained by the Creator, who foresaw where man would fail. Does not the command given to us to set one day apart from the turmoil of the world show how fully He recognized the deep necessity for such. Take it away and what are the results? Disaster to the nation, which was plainly set forth in the case of France. Rumours come from time to time that England, which has for so many years been a bright example to the other nations in the observance of this law, is losing her place, and that an alarming disregard for the day is spreading among the upper classes. But we do not think the time will ever come when England will so far forget herself. Let us rather take an optimist's view of the case and think of the multitudes who cling fast to the old commandment, and in the beautiful words of Herbert say:

"O day most calm, most bright,  
The week were dark  
But for thy light."

MORDUE.

### "PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE."

[Suggested by Charles Lamb's description of a picture, in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint, who, having spun till past midnight to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, while angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity.]

The memory of a simple tale,  
Called up from childhood's years,  
With blissful charm that cannot fail  
Compelleth gentle tears.  
Yea, though it be a poet's dream,  
Pure fantasy, forsooth,  
Which cold, clear reason ne'er can deem  
Reality or truth;  
Still, when we weep, our spirits are  
Oft sanctified by grief,  
For childlike faith is lovelier far  
Than man-like unbelief.

There is a legend of a maid  
Told by the painter's art,  
So sweet, so sad, it cannot fade  
For ever from my heart.  
Deeply my pity it doth stir  
E'en now with holy spell—  
It needeth no interpreter,  
That silent parable.

'Tis midnight: darkness, like a pall,  
Hangs o'er a sleeping city's wall—  
Many an iron tongue,  
Slave to man's more iron will,  
Calling through the air so still  
The self-same chimes hath rung.

And at that hour, when every breast  
From life's life-withering toil should rest,  
There sitteth one within  
That city's heart—cold heart of stone—  
Wearily spinning all alone,  
A maid scarce touched by sin.

She toils within a cheerless room,  
A rushlight twinkling through the gloom  
Its dreariness to show;  
Poor, pallid maid, for whom this earth  
Hath found no dowry since her birth  
Save only want and woe.

Her mother, white as are the dead,  
Lies murmuring strangely on a bed,  
As though with death at strife:  
Thin fingers clutch the dear-bought food,  
Bought at the price of flesh and blood,  
A daughter's fragile life.

And still that maiden spins alone  
Within that city's heart of stone,  
And often turns her eye,  
To watch the lamp of life decay,  
Well knowing that its last faint ray  
Must soon in darkness die.

But hark! she speaks: "'Tis sadly strange,  
No rest from toil, no sign of change  
Save when my mother dies, and she  
Is dearer than all else to me.  
I grow less earthly day by day—  
Why doth the Angel, Death, delay  
His summons, that will set me free  
From pain, and want, and misery?  
Hunger and winter's cold at length  
Have bowed my feeble body's strength;  
The power is lacking now, I feel,  
That earned my mother's daily meal.

Would God that from the viewless sky  
Some pitying angel-band  
Might glide to earth, and swiftly ply  
The labours of my hand!  
Would that—but oh! the thought is sin—  
Seraphs might stoop these threads to spin:  
God knows how oft I vigils keep,  
God knows—alas! I sleep, I sleep!"

The maiden's prayer was borne to Heaven,  
Its rude simplicity forgiven.

Soon were heard quick-rushing pinions;  
Angel-bands, with gleaming feet,  
Floating down from God's dominions,  
Flew to aid that virgin sweet.  
See! they fill the lowly room,  
Shedding light where all was gloom:  
See! their hands perform the task  
As the maid presumed to ask:  
Toiling, spinning they rejoice,  
And lull the slumberer with their voice.

"Softly sleep, O pious maiden!  
Dream-enchanted lie:  
Sorely wast thou sorrow-laden,  
Deeply didst thou sigh.  
Nurst by thee an aged mother,  
Near the gate of death,  
Fondly cherished by no other,  
Drew her fleeting breath.

Clad in robes of spotless beauty,  
Lilies of the field,  
Burdened by no stress of duty,  
Fragrant odour yield.  
Maiden, clothed in humble raiment,  
Lily of earth's soil!  
Thou has earned a heavenly payment  
By thy saintly toil.

Cheeks made pale by ceaseless labour  
Wear a sacred hue;  
Angels claim thee for a neighbour,  
Virgin, pure and true!  
Forms, made thin by cold and hunger,  
Grow more glorified,  
Age-bowed frames seem fairer, younger,  
When by suffering tried.

Starving paupers, as they languish,  
Are not all alone:  
Hearts deep-stung by piercing anguish  
Still a guardian own.  
Holy poor ones are not friendless—  
He who dwells above  
Calls them home to glory endless,  
Children of His love.

Sleep, then, maiden! God will hear thee  
When thou pourest prayer:  
Angels now are watching near thee,  
Warding off despair."

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

FALLEN FROM HIS HIGH ESTATE.—A curious illustration of the ups and downs of life and of the eccentric way in which fortune bestows her favours, even on members of the same family, is given by the fact that a brother of the world renowned trotter Spokane is toiling his life away tugging at a Detroit street car. The one horse is the admired and applauded of tens of thousands, his name is upon the lips of millions and he fares sumptuously on the best in the horse land, while the other is poor, despised and neglected, and would be unknown save from the fact of his aristocratic connection, which is small comfort to him, poor brute.





## HERE AND THERE.

The poison used on arrow heads by Africans has been found by Stanley, the explorer, to be composed of red ants and palm oil. The ants are dried, pulverized, and then boiled in the oil. The formic acid found in ants is a deadly poison.

A Massachusetts manufacturer is alleged to have paid one Saturday to his army of labourers 700 bright crisp ten dollar bills. Each man received one with his pay. All were marked so as to be recognized. By Tuesday 400 of these bills had been deposited in the banks of the city by the bar-keepers.

A Ladies' Aid Society has the following among its by-laws, and its example deserves to be followed by many societies without distinction of sex: "We hereby covenant and agree, both as a society and as individuals, to refrain from all uncharitable comment upon the actions or character of any member of this society, or of the Church, and not to relate or repeat anything to the injury or discredit of another."

The Half-breeds of the North-West in place of following the example of their French kinsman and recognizing St. John Baptist as their patron saint, have adopted a saint of their own in the person of St. Joseph. The custom of celebrating his birthday, which falls on July 3rd, began some years ago in the half-breed settlements in the Territories, and has spread throughout all the French half-breed districts in the North-West.

The new and beautiful sacristy which has been erected at the eastern end of Notre Dame Church, and which was lately dedicated by Archbishop Fabre, is 50 feet in length by 30 feet in width, and is more than 30 feet in height. The ceiling is open woodwork, with handsomely carved beams, and is executed in a style common to many famous buildings. The roof is of the fifteenth century type. Altogether the work is a magnificent specimen of architecture, and reflects great credit on the designers, Messrs. Perrault & Menard.

Charles Dudley Warner discovered two years ago, in a shop in a Mexican city, specimens of pottery rivalling in brilliancy and iridescence the famous Gubbio lustres of Maestro Giorgio, who wrought in Italy in the sixteenth century. The method of producing these lustres had been reckoned among the lost arts, and during the past thirty years much money and labor had been expended in seeking the secret. Mr. Warner learned that the ware was made at the time by Indians in a secluded spot in Mexico. Miss Y. H. Addis took up the clew, and after a year of investigation, learned the secret of the brilliant lustres in a remote town of Guanajuato. She will tell the story of her discovery.



AN INUENDO.

DAUGHTER: "But Ma, I don't want to get married, I'd rather study another year or two!"

MOTHER: "That is not necessary, my dear, men do not like as wives those over-educated women!"

DAUGHTER: "That's what you think, Mother, but men are not all like Pa!"

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NOTE: - Beware of common inferior Preparations offered by unscrupulous traders for the sake of increased profit.



### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 16, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

#### ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

#### DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

#### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

#### A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.